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THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. I.

MONTREAL, JULY 1, 1846.

No. 7.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
 Enough for great and small,
 The oak tree and the cedar tree,
 Without a flower at all.
 He might have made enough, enough
 For every want of ours,
 For luxury, medicine, and toil—
 And yet have made no flowers.
 The ore within the mountain mine
 Requireth none to grow,
 Nor doth it need the lotus flower
 To make the river flow.
 The clouds might give abundant rain,
 The nightly dews might fall,
 And the herb that keepeth life in man,
 Might yet have drank them all.
 Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
 All dyed with rainbow light—
 All fashioned with supremest grace,
 Upspringing day and night;
 Springing in valleys green and low,
 And on the mountains high,
 And in the silent wilderness,
 Where no man passeth by?
 Our outward life requires them not,
 Then wherefore had they birth?
 To minister delight to man,
 To beautify the earth;
 To whisper hope, to comfort man,
 Whene'er his faith is dim;
 For whoso careth for the flowers
 Will care much more for him.

PROPAGATION OF FRUIT TREES BY BUDDING.

The proper season for budding fruit trees in this country is from the first of July to the middle of September; the different trees coming into season as follows; Plums, Cherries, Apricots on Plums, Apricots, Pears, Apples, Quinces, Nectarines and Peaches. Trees of considerable size will require budding earlier than young seedling stocks. But the operation is always, and only, performed when the bark of the stock parts or separates freely from the wood, and when the buds of the current year's growth are somewhat plump, and the young wood is growing firm. Young stocks in the nursery, if thrifty, are usually planted out in the rows in the spring, and budded the same summer or autumn.

Before commencing you should provide yourself with a budding knife, Fig. 1, (about four and a half inches long,) having a rounded blade at one end, and an ivory handle terminating in a thin rounded edge called the *haft*, *a*, at the other.

In choosing your buds, select thrifty shoots that have nearly done growing, and prepare what is called a *stick of buds*, Fig. 2, by cutting off a few of the imperfect buds at the lower, and such as may be yet too soft at the upper ends, leaving only smooth well developed single buds; double buds being fruit-buds. Cut off the leaves, allowing about half an inch of the *foot-stalks* to remain for conveniently inserting the buds. Some strands of bass-matting about twelve or fourteen inches long, previously

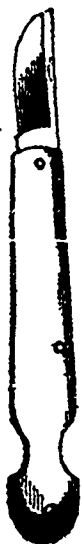


Fig. 1.

soaked in water to render them soft and pliable, (or in the absence of these some soft woollen yarn,) must also be at hand for tying the buds.

Shield or T budding is the most approved mode in all countries. A new variety of this method now generally practised in this country we shall describe first as being the simplest and best mode for fruit trees.

American shield budding. Having your stick of buds ready, choose a smooth portion of the stock. When the latter is small, let it be near the ground, and, if equally convenient, select also the north side of the stock, as less exposed to the sun. Make an upright incision in the bark from an inch to an inch and a half long, and at the top of this make a cross cut, so that the whole shall form a T. From the stick of buds, your knife being very sharp, cut a thin, smooth slice of wood and bark containing a bud, Fig. 3, *a*. With the ivory haft of your budding knife, now raise the bark on each side of the incision just wide enough to admit easily the prepared bud. Taking hold of the footstalk of the leaf, insert the bud under the bark, pushing it gently down to the bottom of the incision. If the upper



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

portion of the bud projects above the horizontal part of the T, cut it smoothly off now, so that it may completely fit, *b*. A bandage of the soft matting is now tied pretty firmly over the whole wound, Fig. 4, commencing at the bottom, and leaving the bud, and the footstalk of the leaf only exposed to the light and air.

Common shield-budding. Practised in all gardens in Europe, differs from the foregoing only in one respect—the removal of the slice of wood contained in the bud. This is taken out with the point of the knife, holding the bud or shield by the leaf stalk, with one hand, inserting the knife under the wood at the lower extremity,

and then raising and drawing out the wood by bending it upwards and downwards, with a slight jerk, until it is loosened from the bark; always taking care that a small portion of the wood remains behind to fill up the hollow at the base or heart of the bud. The bud thus prepared is inserted precisely as before described.

The American variety of shield budding is found greatly preferable to the European mode, at least for this climate. Many sorts of fruit trees, especially Plums and Cherries, nearly mature their growth, and require to be budded in the hottest part of our summer. In the old method, the bud having only a shield of bark with but a particle of wood in the heart of the bud, is much more liable to be destroyed by heat, or dryness, than when the slice of wood is left behind in the American way. Taking out this wood is always an operation requiring some dexterity and practice, as few buds grow when the eye, or heart wood is damaged. The American method, therefore, requires less skill, can be done earlier in the season with younger wood, is performed in much less time, and is uniformly more successful. It has been very fairly tested upon hundreds of thousand fruit trees, in our gardens, for the last twenty years, and, although practised English budders coming here, at first are greatly prejudiced against it, as being in direct opposition to one of the most essential features in the old mode, yet a fair trial has never failed to convince them of the superiority of the new.



Fig

After treatment. In two weeks after the operation you will

be able to see whether the bud has taken, by its plumpness and freshness. If it has failed, you may, if the bark still parts readily, make another trial; a clever budder will not lose more than 6 or 8 per cent. If it has succeeded after a fortnight more has elapsed, the bandage must be loosened, or if the stock has swelled much, it should be removed altogether. When budding has been performed very late, we have occasionally found it an advantage to leave the bandage on during the winter.

As soon as the buds commence swelling in the ensuing spring, head down the stock, with a sloping back cut, within two or three inches of the bud. The bud will then start vigorously, and all "robbers," as the shoots of the stock near to and below the bud are termed, must be taken off from time to time. To secure the upright growth of the bud, and to prevent its being broken by the winds, it is tied when a few inches long to that portion of the stock left for the purpose, Fig. 5, a. About mid-summer, if the shoot is strong, this support may be removed, and the superfluous portion of the stock smoothly cut away in the dotted line, b, when it will be rapidly covered with young bark.

We have found a great advantage, when budding trees which do not take readily, in adopting Mr. Knight's excellent mode of tying with two distinct bandages; one covering that part below the bud, and the other the portion above it. In this case the lower bandage is removed as soon as the bud has taken, and the upper left for two or three weeks longer. This, by arresting the upward sap, completes the union of the upper portion of bud, (which in plums frequently dies, while the lower part is united,) and secures success.—*Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees of America.*



Fig. 5.

INSIGNIFICANCE OF THIS EARTH.

Though the earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky was to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished forever—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them, and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighborhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them, and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time, the life, which we know by the microscope it teems with, is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant to the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf, an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded, we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet; and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the

agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realize all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it.

We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution, and the effect, which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeopled it, and we who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such emphasis to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and though at this moment his energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in his providence as if we were the objects of his undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same Being whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that though his mind takes into his comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to him as if I were the single object of his attention; that he marks all my thoughts; that he gives birth to every feeling and to every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.—*Chalmers.*

GROWTH OF LONDON.

We are apt to imagine here in the United States, that our towns and cities greatly surpass in rapidity and extent of growth those of any part of the old world. Some facts about London would seem to contradict this notion.

It is stated, for instance, in a recent report to the Government, that in little more than twelve years, twelve hundred new streets have been added to London, which is at the rate of one hundred streets a year.

These twelve hundred new streets contain forty-eight thousand houses, most of them built on a large and commodious scale, and in a style of superior comfort. With all this wonderful increase, it is said, "that the demand for houses instead of diminishing, continues to increase," and that while in many towns of the interior, the number of unoccupied houses is augmenting, "scarcely is a new street in London finished, before almost every house in it is fully occupied."

One great reason assigned for the rapid growth of London, is the extraordinary facility, economy, and despatch with which people are now transported over railroads terminating there. Owing to this cause, "it is estimated that the daily influx of individuals is five times greater than it was fifteen years ago."

London is now about forty miles in circumference, and numbers more than two millions of inhabitants.—*Emancipator.*

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.—"Bring me the Book," said Walter Scott, on his dying bed; "Bring me the Book!" "What book?" replied Lockhart. "Can you ask?" said the expiring genius, whose fascinating novels have charmed the world, but have no balm for death—"Can you ask what book?—there is but one." "The Bible contains the literature of heaven."

NOTES OF A TOUR IN THE SOUTH.

BY A CORRESPONDENT OF THE EMANCIPATOR.

In January last, on my way down the Mississippi, I landed at Vicksburg, a place famous throughout Christendom for hanging gamblers, and shooting editors. This is a small, sideling, slavery-accursed town, on the steep bank of the Mississippi, the first in the State in point of business, and contains a population of 3 or 4000. Upon arriving here from the free and thriving towns of the North, one is struck with the marks of dilapidation and ruin which seemed stamped upon every thing. Some of the buildings stripped of their covering, others tumbling down, and others standing in such a position as strongly to indicate a disposition to take passage down the river, to Texas or some other place. Vicksburg, however, is not alone in this particular.

From V. went to Jackson by Railroad, fifty miles, crossing Big Black river, by a narrow wooden bridge, between the heavens and the earth, some sixty feet from the latter. At J. I had the honor to be present at the inauguration of Gov. Brown. His address had more *brass* in its composition than any thing that I had ever heard. For example, he boasted in the most extravagant terms, of the *moral courage* of the people of Mississippi in *reputing*.

In Mississippi no free colored person is allowed to remain in the State, except by common consent, or a special act of the Legislature. I was surprised at the large number of memorials which was sent in to the Legislature asking the privilege of giving slaves their freedom, with permission to remain in the State. Among others a memorial was sent in requesting the passage of an act, to make a woman who had a little African blood in her veins, a *white woman!* That is, to invest her with all the rights and privileges of a white person. This petition was made, as I was informed, at the instance of an overseer who wished her for a wife.

The laws of Mississippi prohibit the introduction of slaves from other States, except by their masters coming to reside in the State; but they are less regarded than was the "fifteen gallon law," in Massachusetts. Slaves are brought here in large numbers from Kentucky and other northern slaveholding States, and sold with impunity. In Vicksburg and Natchez they are offered for sale continually. Men women and children, collected in groups, waiting for purchasers; and sometimes labelled—"For sale." At Vicksburg, my attention being arrested by the cries of the auctioneer, I went to witness the sale of men. Among others, a mother and her two children,—one a babe and the other a little bright-eyed girl some four or five years old,—were to be sold. First the mother and babe were sold—the auctioneer throwing in the recommendations; "perfectly honest"—"good field hand"—"sold for no fault"—"title warranted (?)"—"the small child sold with her, and good for another in a few months,"—first rate chance for a man that wants to raise a fine family of niggers,"—how much is bid" &c. &c. Next the little girl was placed upon the block and subjected to the scrutiny of the soul-buyers. She was bid off by *another man*, and the mother, stung by agony such as I have never witnessed except in similar cases, was driven from the scene, the little innocent still looking inquiringly about not knowing what it all meant.

It is a mistake to suppose that all the people of the slaveholding States are callous and indifferent to scenes like this. There are many who will make considerable "sacrifices" to prevent the separation of husband and wife, parents and children, but as a general thing it can't be helped—it is a part of the system. At Natchez, at the public house, where I was boarding, I saw an old woman of fifty kicked by her young master because she did not build a fire quick enough, and heard her flogged by him in an adjoining room—she all the while begging for mercy. But enough of this. Such are the legitimate fruits of a system which is pronounced by some grave divines to be "not in itself sinful." I could fill up my sheet in giving you incidents of the black-hearted cruelties of slavery, but it is too sickening; besides, perhaps there is nothing gained by it. For if the people of the North are not aroused to duty with all the knowledge they possess upon this subject, neither would they be moved though they should hear the black man calling to them from the dark regions of despair.

While at Vicksburg, the house of a planter living some few miles from town, caught fire, and after considerable exertion in

vain to extinguish it, it was given up at last, when suddenly a new thought struck the despairing owner, and he cried out to a powerful negro man, that he would give him his *freedom* if he would save it. Instantly he leaped through the smoke and flames and at the *risk of his life succeeded in saving the house*. He of course claimed his freedom, but his master told him that he *couldn't free him in this country*, but he could go to *Liberia* if he chose to. The poor man was sorely disappointed to be thus cheated by his master, and declared that he preferred to remain where he was rather than go to Liberia. My informant, himself a slaveholder and neighbour to the man whose house caught fire, said he had endeavoured to compromise with him, by giving him a *fidelle*, but he still remained as dissatisfied as ever. He blamed his neighbour for not giving the man his freedom, after he had promised it to him, and he had so *richly earned it*.

Some seventy miles up the river above New Orleans, we landed at a sugar plantation, and took on two hundred and fifty hogsheads of sugar. There are some Planters here who have fifteen hundred and two thousand slaves. While the boat was loading we went on shore and took a look at the premises. The land here is cultivated only some three miles from the river, the back country being mostly swamp, still a wilderness. The branches of the Mississippi here, carry the water *from* the river instead of *to* it. The negroes were engaged in planting the cane. The *old stalk* of the sugar cane is planted, which sprouts up after the fashion of the potato. This plantation consisted of twenty-seven hundred acres—nine hundred of which were under cultivation. The dwelling, like many others along the banks of the Mississippi in Louisiana, was a large pompous looking building with pillars all around. Attached were fancy yards and gardens on a grand scale; and in the rear two long rows of small negro houses. We walked through the spacious avenues, admiring the orange trees, and the infinite variety of shrubbery of strange and southern growth. Here the republican despot lives lazily and luxuriantly; and here too our brother, the simple and submissive black man, is kicked, whipped, and despised; toils, suffers, and dies; and with some strange glimmerings of another world, goes to be judged by a just and merciful God!

At New Orleans, the extent of the *American slave trade* is enormous. In portions of the City in pleasant weather, whole squares are lined with human beings, standing in rows, in perfect order, waiting for purchasers. When thus exhibited they are usually neatly dressed.

A HORRIBLE SCENE.—The following description of one of the recent "great and glorious" battles in India gives a faint idea of the horrors that attend the trade of war:—As our men advanced, Englishman and Hindoo side by side, the Sikhs appeared to redouble their fire, and to use the expression of an eye-witness, "a storm of iron hail descended on our ranks." No force or fire, however, could repress their valour. They pushed forward with irresistible enthusiasm, and, after the most tremendous efforts, succeeded in their attempt. The cavalry entered the entrenchments in single file, through openings made for them by the sappers and miners, and in a short time, the rout of the Sikhs became general. As they had shown no mercy to numerous wounded men who had fallen into their hands, so no mercy was shown to them. They were driven in confusion toward the bridge and river, which, having risen during the night, rendered their retreat almost impossible. The bridge of boats, densely thronged by the fugitives, broke down in several places, while our guns, incessantly playing on their closely wedged mass, produced the most fearful havoc. The scene presented by the face of the Sutlej defies description—covered with horses and men, upon whom the most dreadful fire was kept up with grape and canister—IT LITERALLY RAN RED WITH BLOOD!!!—Under these circumstances, we can by no means imagine the number of the slain to be over-estimated at twelve thousand. The battle had begun about six o'clock, and did not terminate till eleven. The combatants had met hand to hand. Our artillery and musketry had never for a moment ceased their fire. Our cavalry, charging impetuously through their ranks, had speared or sabred all who fell in their way. But the river was their greatest enemy, and when they flung themselves pell-mell into its waters, which were wholly unfordable, the artillery scattered death unsparingly among them, till there was not a man left visible within range.

ANTARCTIC CONTINENT.—It is stated in Silliman's Journal that the expedition sent out from England to explore the Antarctic regions, between the meridian of Greenwich and 120 degrees east, has found proof throughout of the existence of the Antarctic Continent, which they call Victoria's Land. The magnetic observations commenced by the Erebus and Terror have been completed, and the position of the magnetic pole exactly ascertained.

THE CONVALESCENT.

Thou hast quitted the feverish couch of pain,
Thou art breathing the fresh free air again,
Thou hast bent thy way, thro' the primrose glade,
To the wildwood's deep and leafy shade,
Where, beneath thy slow and lingering tread,
The clustering cool green moss is spread;
Where the song-birds pour their tuneful lay,
And the silvery fountains softly play.

Dost thou not joy to exchange the gloom
Of the shaded blinds, and the curtain'd room,
For the gladd'ning breezes, the sun's bright beams,
The waving blossoms, and glittering streams?
Dost thou not joy, in reviving health,
To gaze upon nature's lavish wealth,
The rushing waters, and fo'ery land,
Deck'd for thy sake by thy Maker's hand?

And does not thy heart at this moment thrill
With thoughts more tender, more grateful still?
Dost thou not yet on the chamber dwell,
Where awhile Death's darkening shadows fell.
When thy manly strength was quell'd and fled,
And friends stood mournfully round thy bed,
Wailing that thou in thy youthful bloom,
Must be gathered so soon to the dreary tomb?

Thou didst not a secret voice within
Tel thee to weep o'er each former sin?
And didst thou not wish thy days renewed,
To walk henceforth with the wise and good?
O! now while within thy languid veins
Some trace of the suffering past remains,
Think of the world, and its pomp and power,
As thou didst in that sad and trying hour.

The woods and the fields that meet thy gaze,
Thou deemest more bright than in former days;
So may earth's course appear to thee
More fair than it seemed in thy frolic glee;
Shun its broad highways—in peace pursue
The narrow path that is sought by few,
And give to the Lord, in faith and prayer,
The life that he graciously deigned to spare.

—London Metropolitan.

LEADING CHILDREN TO GOD.

Parents can never be too deeply impressed with the importance of early leading their children to God, and fixing in their infant minds a sense of his presence, and of their dependence. If the following shall induce one parent to make more prayerful efforts to train up his children for God and heaven, our labour will not be in vain:

A mother, sitting at work in her parlour, overheard her child, whom an older sister was dressing in an adjoining bedroom, say repeatedly, as if in answer to his sister, 'No, I don't want to say my prayers.'

'How many church members, in good standing,' thought the mother to herself, 'often say the same thing in heart, though they conceal even from themselves, the feeling.'

'Mother,' said the child, appearing in a minute or two at the parlour door; the tone and look implied that it was only his morning salutation.

'Good morning, my child.'

'I am going out to get my breakfast.'

'Stop a minute; I want you to come here, and see me first.'

The mother laid down her work in the next chair, as the boy ran towards her. She took him up. He knelt in her lap, and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backwards and forwards.

'Are you pretty well this morning?' said she in a kind and gentle tone.

'Yes, mother; I am very well.'

'I am glad you are well. I am very well, too; and when I waked up this morning, and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me.'

'Did you?' said the boy, in a low tone—half a whisper. He paused after it—conscience was at work.

'Did you ever feel my pulse?' asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down, and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on her wrist.

'No, but I have felt mine.'

'Well, don't you feel mine now?—how it goes, beating.'

'Y-e-s!' said the child.

'If it should stop beating I should die.'

'Should you?'

'Yes, and I can't keep it beating.'

'Who can?'

'God.'

A silent pause.

'You have a pulse too, which beats in your bosom here, and in your arms, and all over you, and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can but God. If he should not take care of you, who could?'

'I don't know,' said the child, with a look of anxiety; and another pause ensued.

'So when I waked up this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me. I hope he will take care of me, and all of us.'

'Did you ask him to take care of me?'

'I thought you would ask him yourself, God likes to have us all ask for ourselves.'

A long pause ensued. The deeply thoughtful and almost anxious expression of countenance, showed that the heart was reached.

'Don't you think you had better ask him for yourself?'

'Yes,' said the boy readily.

He knelt again in his mother's lap, and uttered in his own simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection and blessing of heaven.

Suppose another case. Another mother overhearing the same words, calls her child into the room. The boy comes,

'Did not I hear you say you did not want to say your prayers?'

The boy is silent.

'Yes, he did,' says his sister behind him.

'Well, that is very naughty. You ought always to say your prayers. Go right back now, and say them like a good boy, and never let me hear of your refusing again.'

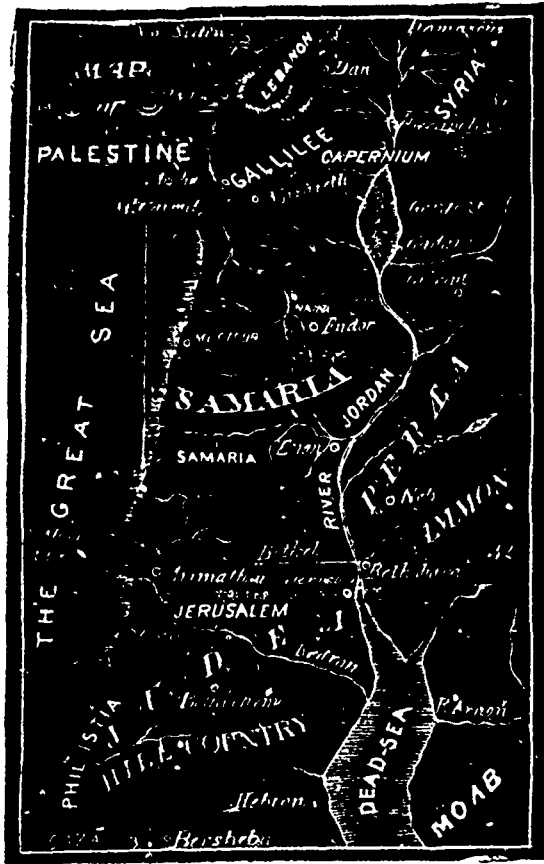
The boy goes back, pouting, and utters the words of prayer, while his heart is full of mortified pride, vexation and ill-will.

—Evangelist.

THE FOOD OF MAN.—The *Genesee Farmer* gives this brief summary of the native countries of our most familiar plants:—"The potatoe is a native of South America, and is still found wild in Chili, Peru, and Monte Video. In its native state the roots are small and bitter. The first mention of it by European writers is in 1588. It is now spread over the world. Wheat and rye originated in Tartary and Siberia, where they are still indigenous. The only country where the oat is found wild is in Abyssinia, and thence may be considered a native. Maize or Indian corn is a native of Mexico, and was unknown in Europe until after the discoveries of Columbus. The bread fruit tree is a native of the South Sea Islands, particularly Otaheite. Tea is found a native nowhere except in China and Japan, from which country the world is supplied. The cocoa nut is a native of most equinoctial countries, and is one of the most valuable trees, as food, clothing, and shelter, are afforded by it. Coffee is a native of Arabia Felix, but is now spread to both the East and West Indies. The best coffee is brought from Mocha, in Arabia, whence about fourteen millions of pounds are annually exported. St. Domingo furnishes from sixty to seventy millions of pounds yearly. All the varieties of the apple are derived from the crab apple, which is found native in most parts of the world. The peach is derived from Persia, where it still grows in a native state, small, bitter, and with poisonous qualities. Tobacco is a native of Mexico and South America, and lately, one species has been found in Holland. Tobacco was first introduced into England from North Carolina, in 1586, by Sir Walter Raleigh. Asparagus was brought from Asia; cabbage and lettuce from Holland; horse radish from China; rice from Ethiopia; beans from the East Indies; onions and garlics are natives of various places both in Asia and Africa. The sugar cane is a native of China, and from thence is derived the art of making sugar from it.

HORRIBLE.—A Southern paper contains the following advertisement, signed 'Micajah Ricks':—"Ran away, a negro woman and two children. A few days before she went off, I burnt her with a hot iron on the left side of her face—I TRIED to make the letter M."

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.



PALESTINE, OR THE LAND OF CANAAN.

The original grant of this country to Abraham and his seed, appears, from many passages of Scripture, to have included all the territory between the River of Egypt, that is the Nile, and the Great River, that is the River Euphrates: and more particularly to have been bounded by the wilderness of Zin, on the South, the Salt Sea, that is the Lake Asphalites or Dead Sea, on the South East; by the Mountain chain, called Lebanon, or the North, and by the Great Sea or Mediterranean on the West.—See Gen. xii. 6, 7—xv. 18; Numb. xxxiv. 3; Deut. i. 7. At no period of Jewish history, however, was all this territory actually occupied or possessed by that nation unless it was in the times of Solomon, when we find even Damascus subject to his government. But it is to be remembered, that the grant was for ever, and therefore it is quite reasonable to believe that the land actually belongs to the Jews, though at present scattered abroad; and that they will possess it in a national capacity, probably at no distant day, and during the remainder of the world's history. Many circumstances conspire to render this, in some degree, probable, even independent of the sure word of prophecy. In the first place, the land is in a great degree waste, and those who are acquainted with the recent history of that region, have noticed, with wonder, that a variety of causes have all worked together to empty the land, as it were, of inhabitants, so as to leave no obstacle in the way of the real owners taking possession of it. Secondly, the Jews, in many parts of the world, seem to be contemplating some great movements in the way of emigration, and we need not add that every eye turns to Palestine.

We subjoin a map of this singularly interesting country, and would suggest, as a delightful and profitable exercise for the family circle, that the names of places on the map, should be taken one by one, and each individual endeavour to relate from memory, something that happened in that place, or that is said about it in Scripture; thus not only fixing Scripture geography, but Scripture history in the mind at the same time.

EASTERN TRAVEL.

(From Willis's Pencilings by the Way.)

It was near the outskirts of the large city of Magnesia (in Lydia) that we found the way encumbered with some scores of kneeling camels, announcing our vicinity to a khan (that is, an hotel, or the nearest approach to it which the country produces). A large wooden building, rather off its perpendicular, with a great many windows, but no panes in them, and only here and there a shutter hanging by the eyelids, presently appeared; and entering its hospitable gateway, which had neither gate nor porter, we dismounted in a large court, lit only by the siars, and pre-occupied by any number of mules and horses. An inviting staircase led to a gallery encircling the whole area, from which opened thirty or forty small doors; but, though we made as much noise as could be expected of as many men and horses, no waiter looked over the balustrade, nor naïd Cicoly, nor Boniface, or their corresponding representatives in Turkey, invited us in. The surdjee looked to his horses, which was his business, and to look to ourselves was ours; though, with our stiff limbs and clamorous appetites, we set about it rather despairingly.

The Figaro of the Turks is a *cafejee* who besides shaving, making coffee, and bleeding, is supposed to be capable of every office required by man. He is generally a Greek, the Mussulman seldom having sufficient facility of character for the vocation. In a few minutes, then, the nearest Figaro was produced, who scarce dissembling his surprise at the improvidence of travellers who went about without pot or kettle, bag of rice or bottle of oil, led the way with his primitive lamp to our apartment. We might have our choice of twenty. Having looked at the other nineteen, we came back to the first, reconciled to it by sheer force of comparison. Of its two windows one alone had a shutter that would fulfil its destiny. It contained neither chair, table, nor utensil of any description. Its floor had not been swept, nor its walls whitewashed, since the days of Timour the Tartar. "Kalo! Kalo!" (Greek for "you will be very comfortable") cried our commissary, throwing down some old mats to spread our carpets upon. But the mats were alive with vermin, and, for sweeping the room, the dust would not have been laid till midnight. So we threw down our carpets upon the floor, and driving from our minds the two luxurious thoughts of clean straw, and a corner in a warm barn, sat down, by the glimmer of a flaring taper, to wait, with what patience we might, for a chicken still breathing freely on his roost, and turn our backs as ingeniously as possible on a chilly December wind, that came in at the open window, as if it knew the caravanserai were free to all comers. There is but one circumstance to add to this faithful description—and it is one which, in the minds of many very worthy persons, would turn the scale in favour of the hotels of the east, with all their disadvantages—there was nothing to pay. * * *

The tinkling of the camels' bells awoke me as the day was breaking, and, my toilet being already made, I sprang readily up and descended to the court of the caravanserai. It was an Eastern scene, and not an unpoetical one. The patient and intelligent camels were kneeling in regular ranks to receive their loads, complaining in a voice almost human, as the driver flung the heavy bales upon the saddles too roughly; while the small donkey, no larger than a Newfoundland dog, leader of the long caravan, took his place at the head of the gigantic file, pricking back his long ears, as if he were counting his spongy-footed followers, as they fell in behind him. Here and there knelt six or seven, with their unsightly humps still unburdened, eating with their peculiar deliberateness from small heaps of provender, and, scattered over the adjacent field, wandered separately the caravan of some indolent driver, browsing upon the shrubs, and looking occasionally with intelligent expectation toward the khan, for the appearance of their tardy master. Over all rose the mingled music of the small bells, with which their gray-coloured harness was profusely covered, varied by the heavy beat of the larger ones borne at the necks of the leading and last camels of the file, while the retreating sounds of the caravans already on their march came in with the softer tones which completed its sweetness.

In a short time my companions joined me, and we started for a walk in the town. The necessity of attending the daylight

When the young laugh at the old, they laugh at themselves before-hand.

prayers makes all Mussulmans early risers, and we found the streets already crowded, and the merchants and artificers as busy as at noon. Turning a corner to get out of the way of a row of butchers, who were slaughtering sheep revoltingly in front of their stalls, we met two old Turks coming from the mosque, one of whom, with the familiarity of manners which characterises the nation, took from my hand a stout English riding whip which I carried, and began to exercise it on the bag-like trousers of his friend. After amusing himself a while in this manner, he returned the whip, and, patting me condescendingly on the cheek, gave me two figs from his voluminous pocket, and walked on. Considering that I stand six feet in my stockings, an unwieldy size, you may say, for a pet, this freak of the old Magnesian would seem rather extraordinary. Yet it illustrates the Turkish manners, which, as I have often had occasion to notice, are a singular mixture of profound gravity and the most childish simplicity.

THE THREE DAYS IN PARIS.

BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.

France, with about twice as many inhabitants as the United States, has but one popular assembly, the Chamber of Deputies; corresponding, in some degree, with our General Congress. There are in France no provincial bodies analogous to our State legislatures; and the active minds of the nation have no means of communicating with the people, but through the press. The weekly newspapers of France consequently employ the pens of her ablest writers, and her leading statesmen. The peculiar mode of life in Paris greatly favors an extensive acquaintance with the public journals. Thousands daily frequent the coffee-houses, where the journals are spread before them. In all parts of the city, in all the places of refreshment, in the public walks and gardens, little pavillions are tenanted, where the citizen or the stranger can, by the payment of a penny, read any of the journals or pamphlets of the day. These resorts are greatly multiplied in times of political excitement, and attract, in immense crowds, the roving and unsettled populace of Paris.

Charles X. was a gentlemanly and good-natured old man, but obstinate, and in his dotage. There is not a little truth in the antithesis, that during his exile he remembered everything he ought to have forgotten, and forgot everything he ought to have remembered. Seeing and fearing the progress which liberal opinions were making in France, he had the folly to appoint a ministry, each individual of which was a known opponent of liberal principles, and especially obnoxious to the French people. The public press immediately opened upon this ministry, the most harassing and merciless warfare. Charles, annoyed and irritated by the loud and continued demonstrations of the public hatred, with an infatuation of which we can hardly find a parallel even in the insanity of princes, determined to abolish the freedom of the press, and silence these remonstrant voices of the nation. He thought it safe to follow the counsel of the Russian Empress Catharine, that "Kings ought to proceed in their career, undisturbed by the cries of the people, as the moon pursues her course unimpeded by the howling of dogs."

It was a lovely Monday morning in July, 1830, when the *Moniteur*, the government paper, appeared with an ordinance declaring, among other obnoxious articles, that "at all times the periodical press has been, and it is in its nature to be, only an instrument of disorder and sedition." It, therefore, declared that the freedom of the press was no longer to be tolerated, but that it was placed under the censorship of the government. Upon the appearance of this execrable ordinance, excitement and indignation flamed like a conflagration through every lane and alley of the city. Thousands began to assemble in the coffee-rooms and around the reading shons. The great thoroughfares leading to the public squares of the city, to the gardens of the Tuilleries and to the Palais Royal, were thronged with the roused masses, crowding to these foci of intelligence. Readers, mounted upon barrels and chairs, loudly read the government ordinance to the gathering multitudes.

As a police-officer endeavoured to arrest a man who was reading the new laws to an excited crowd, he indignantly re-

plied, "I am only blowing the trumpet; if you dislike the notes, go settle the matter with those who composed the music." During the day, the appearance of popular commotion became more and more threatening. As the shades of night darkened the streets of the inflamed city, cries of "Live the constitution," "Down with the Bourbons," "Death to the ministry," resounded through the gloom. As the mounted troops of the king, with drawn sabres, were driving the people from one of the streets, the populace seized upon a passing omnibus, overturned it, and throwing around it such articles as could be gathered from the neighboring dwellings, formed a barricade which effectually arrested the progress of the troops. Behind this barricade they valiantly defended themselves with paving-stones and every missile within their reach. Instantaneously every mind saw the efficacy of this measure. The lamps lighting the city were dashed; and the populace toiled the livelong night in the mystery of darkness, making arrangements for the conflict of the morrow.

When the light of Wednesday morning dawned upon Paris, the principal streets were seen filled with these effective blockades. Instead of the unarmed mobs which had fled before the dragoons the day before, there now appeared throngs of well-armed citizens, here and there marshalled in military array, under active leaders, either veteran generals of the old revolutionary armies, or enthusiastic students from the military schools. The sound of war against oppression had aroused La Fayette from his retreat, and his silver locks were seen floating in the breeze, as he headed and guided the struggling people. A deputation of students from the Polytechnic School called upon La Fayette for counsel. With the most solemn emphasis he uttered the single word 'Resist.' From the venerable towers of Notre Dame, the tri-colored flag of the revolution was seen floating in the breeze; the tri-colored cockade, the pledge of resistance unto death, was upon every hat. The melancholy peal of the alarm bells, and the martial drum, collected the populace in innumerable rendezvous for war. Anxiety and stern defiance sat on every countenance. Paris was a camp—a battle-field. The king had in Paris and its immediate vicinity, eighteen thousand troops, veterans in war. To meet them in deadly conflict was no child's play.

As soon as the morning light was spread over the city, the sound of the trumpet and martial drum was heard, as the regiments of the king, in solid phalanx, marched from head-quarters in the Tuilleries, with infantry and artillery and cavalry, to sweep the streets of the insurgent city. The populace were prepared for the deadliest resistance. The troops of Charles were marshalled for the most determined and desperate onset. Then ensued scenes of carnage and of murderous strife, such as have seldom been exceeded in any conflict. The demon of war raged in every street of the city. Heavy cannon mowed down the opposing multitude, with balls and grape shot. Bomb shells demolished the houses, which afforded a covert to the assailing people. Well-mounted troops, armed to the teeth, pursued and cut down the flying fugitives. And sharpshooters drove their bullets into every eye that peeped from a window, and every hand that appeared from a turret.

It is not easy to imagine the havoc that must be produced by the balls from heavy artillery, recocheting over the pavements of a crowded city, and tearing their destructive way through parlors and chambers, where affrighted mothers and babes were clustered together. One lady had retired in terror to her chamber, and her bed, when a cannon ball pierced the house, passed through her bed and through her body, and scattering her mangled remains over the room, continued unimpeded on its way of destruction and carnage. A resolute woman, observing with horror the awful slaughter which one of the king's cannon produced, as it mowed down the crowds in the streets, rushed to the cannon, pressed her bosom to its mouth, and clasping it with her arms, entreated the officer in command to desist. The soldiers endeavored to pull her away. But with frantic strength she clung to the gun, declaring that if they would continue their slaughter, they should fire through her body. The officer commanded the torch to be applied. The gunner shrunk from the horrible deed. 'Fire!' shouted the officer, 'or I will thrust my sword through your body.' The torch was applied and instantly the remains of this heroic woman were scattered in fragments through the

air. It is not pleasant to relate such painful incidents. But we know not how else to convey an adequate idea of the enthusiasm and the terror of the scene. A party of eight gentlemen, were sitting at a table, weary with fatigue of hours of conflict, busily partaking of refreshments. A cannon ball pierced the dwelling, passed over the table, just sweeping it clean of all its contents, and buried itself in the side of the house, injuring no one. That ball is now gilded, and suspended in the front of the dwelling, with the inscription, '*An orange from Charles X.; the last token of his paternal love.*'

As the king's troops encountered the barricades with which the streets were every where impeded, the citizens from the yards and chambers and roofs of the houses, and from every protecting point, poured in upon them the most destructive fire. As these veteran soldiers, inured to all the horrors of war, fought their bloody way along the narrow streets, in compact masses, they were crushed by logs of wood and heavy articles of furniture, and paving-stones, thrown by a thousand unseen hands, from the windows of the houses, and rained down from the roofs, like hail upon their heads.

For three days this terrible conflict continued with unabated fury. The streets of Paris flowed red with blood. The quick rattling fire of regiments of infantry, the thundering explosion of cannons and mortars, the shouts of the combatants and the cries of the dying, resounded through the ill-fated metropolis. New troops were continually sent in by the king, to take the place of the wounded and the dead; more than one thousand of the royal guard having been killed the first of the three days. But all the suburbs were continually pouring in their countless multitudes of enraged countrymen to swell the masses of the king's enemies, swarming in the streets.

The king soon became thoroughly alarmed. His defeated troops, driven in from all points to their head-quarters at the garden of Tuilleries and the Palais Royal, from the assailants, became the assailed. Charles terrified at the resistlessness of the fury which he had excited, recalled the execrable ordinance, and dismissed the obnoxious ministers. But it was too late for compromise. The victorious people rushed like an inundation into the Louvre and Tuilleries, and the exhausted troops were swept before them, like rubbish on the flood.

THE "RAGGED SUNDAY SCHOOLS" OF LONDON.

When we reached the school, the teachers were there, but few children had assembled. In bad weather, it is generally well attended—sometimes by from two to three hundred; but when the evenings are fine, most of the scholars spend them in bird-nesting or other amusement or wickedness. A policeman was stationed at the door of the room, which is a commodious building of brick, though situated in a low and filthy neighbourhood. It is divided inside by a large moveable wooden partition, separating the boys from the girls. The scholars continued to drop in. Some came leaping and hopping merrily to their places—one clubbing his feet, and making wry faces to his companion. The services began by singing a hymn, in which all manner of noises were mingled; and prayer, during which the scholars kept their seats, or were intended to keep them. This rule had been adopted from finding it impossible to keep anything like order if they were permitted to stand.

The scholars, mostly stout boys of from ten to fifteen years old, were squalid and filthy in their persons, and soon gave indications to strangers that they were very different from ordinary Sabbath school materials. Some were scarcely seated when they began quarrelling with their companions; others got up a good-natured fight, evidently for the purpose of annoyance; one restless ragamuffin, for obstinate misconduct, was handed or pulled by his teacher to another class. Scarcely had he reached his new place when one of the class he had left flung his cap after him, striking the teacher on the head. One lad began amusing himself by flinging peas at all within his reach, and supplying his companions for the same purpose. This was tolerated for a while, in spite of remonstrance, to the annoyance of all; till at last the ringleader in the mischief ventured to throw a handful of peas into the middle of the class. As this was beyond endurance, the boy was seized by the teacher, who emptied his pockets, and gave him a cuff on the

ear, on which he gave a shout and a scowl of defiance, declaring that he should not be hit here for nothing, and forthwith struggled to the door. Shortly afterwards another began fighting, became unmanageable, and was handed to the policeman. Before the close, a policeman had to be brought in and set down within arm's-length of the most unruly.

A teacher sitting near me had been trying to impress on one of the boys that his heart was hard and wicked, and his need of a new heart. On separating, the teacher was repeating this, when the boy tore open his tattered jacket, and drumming fiercely on his breast, cried, "Mine's not a bad un, sir—mine's not a bad un!"

Before dismissing, an intelligent and vigorous teacher from Yorkshire shortly addressed them. At first they were inattentive and restless; plans were tried in vain to arrest their attention, till he began to tell of a man who was *hunged at the Old Bailey*. In a moment every eye was fixed; the subject was evidently no stranger to their thoughts. The teacher said, "His name was John." A lad called out, "That's my name, sir." With ready tact he answered, "It's my name too; but attend to me. He used to frequent a place in Gray's Inn Lane." "I knows it, sir," cried another. "Fox's Court, Gray's Inn Lane—a bad place." "That it is, sir, I knows it." They continued in this way, while the address continued, to offer their assistance to the speaker.

While the last hymn was being sung, one more was carried to the door, amid the derisive shouts of his fellows. Some half-a-dozen near me then began to cross their legs, and imitate the stitching and hammering of a shoemaker at work, others at the same time pulling and dragging each other from their places.

On prayer being begun, they were told as usual to put their hands together. Some of them forthwith clasped their hands, and dropped down on their knees on the floor, while others kept calling to their companions across the room.

Amid such scenes, anything like regular lessons it is of course almost impossible to teach. Books are provided; but few have the ability, and fewer the will, to read them. Nearly all that can be done is to attempt, by reiteration, to fix in the memory of these poor outcasts some of the leading truths that can make wise unto salvation. The teacher's labour is here emphatically a work of faith.

The class of persons at the school described are believed to be among the most abandoned in London; but this sketch may give an idea of the population for whom the Ragged Sunday Schools are designed. In this lowest layer of society strange characters are sometimes found, and strange answers received. Once, when a school was addressed about the barron fig tree, a boy exclaimed, "I say, sir, you have been for cutting down that 'ere tree two times already—I'd like to know what you'd be arter with it now?" A minister, visiting the school described, asked a boy, "How long have you been at this school?" With impudent wit he replied, "*Just five minutes, sir.*" Another boy was asked, "Where do you live?" "I live where I can, sir." "Why, where do you generally sleep?" "*Under a cart, sir, when I can get one.*" "And what do you live upon?" "Why, sir, I do as they say in the Sunday school—

'O all ye hungry starving souls
That feed upon the wind.'

A ruffian-like youth was once asked, "Have you a father or a mother, boy?" He looked fiercely in the teacher's face, and answered, "Tell me, sir, *do I look as if I ever had a father or a mother?*"

Our readers, like ourselves, will be ready to ask, Where were men to be found to persevere in such a work as this? On conversing, at the end, with the teachers present, we found that at first many had come, attracted by the novelty of the enterprise, and perhaps the *romance* of the work; but when they met with such trials, their zeal, having no deepness of earth, had withered away—the floor had been winnowed, and nothing but wheat was left. We had a warrant, in their mere perseverance, for the sterling worth of those who remained. They were quiet, serious, earnest men—seemingly men of faith and prayer.—*Sunday School Magazine.*

THE WELCOME BACK.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us;
Where hands are striving, as we come,
To be the first to greet us.
When the world hath spent its frowns and wrath,
And care been sorely pressing;
'Tis sweet to turn from our roving path,
And find a fireside blessing.
Oh, joyfully dear is the homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

What do we reck on a dreary way,
Though lonely and benighted,
If we know there are lips to chide our stay,
And eyes that will beam love-lighted?
What is the worth of your diamond ray,
To the glance that flashes pleasure;
When the words that welcome back betray,
We form a heart's chief treasure?
Oh, joyfully dear is our homeward track,
If we are but sure of a welcome back.

A YOUNG JEWESS OF TANGIER.

We find an interesting article on the Jews in the *Missionary Chronicle* copied from an "Appeal for the Jewish Nation," by E. L. Mitford, Esq.

It appears that nothing more is required to make a Christian, or a Jew, a Mahometan, by their law, than the deposition of two witnesses of their having pronounced the words, "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is the Apostle of God." Against this testimony the protestation of the Jews are vain, and the penalty of recantation is burning at the stake.

There was a young Jewess of respectable family residing in Tangier, summoned before the Cadi by two Moors, who deposed to her having pronounced their profession of faith. This she utterly denied, but in vain, and the Cadi decreed her conformity to Islamism on pain of death. But the affair became public and reached the ears of Mulia Abderrahman, to whose decision it was referred.

"Whatever might have influenced her accusers, there could be no doubt of the motives of the Sultan in enforcing the decree, which was to obtain another plaything for his harem; in fact, so well known was his character in this respect, that from the moment of her being ordered to his presence, no one expected any other result—for few possibly imagined, nor did the Sultan himself, that she would have courage to brave the alternative rather than abandon the faith of her fathers. Such, however, was the case. She was first sent to the Serail, where every means were employed to shake her constancy; threats, blandishments, and the most brilliant promises were tried by turns, and were equally unsuccessful. Even her relations were allowed to see her, to endeavour by their persuasions to divert her from her resolution; but with a firmness which against such assaults could have been the effect only of the deepest conviction, this young and noble creature held fast her integrity, and calmly choose a horrible though honorable death, rather than the enjoyment of an ignominious existence of shame and infamy.

"The Jews came forward with offers of immense sums of money to save her, but her fate was irrevocably decided, and the only mercy the baffled tyrant could afford his young and innocent victim was, to allow of her being beheaded instead of her being burnt alive. I had an account of the closing scene by an eyewitness who was one of the guards at the execution, and although as a body, there is nowhere a more dissolute set of irregular soldiery than the Morocco Moors, yet he confessed to me that many of his vice-hardened companions could not refrain from tears, and that he himself could not look with dry eyes on a sight of such cold blooded atrocity.

"This beautiful young creature was led out to where a pile ready for firing was raised for her last couch; her long dark hair flowing disheveled on her shoulders, she looked around in vain for a heart and hand that could succour, though so many eyes pitied her; for the last time she was offered—with the executioner and

pyre in all their terror before her—her life, on condition of being false to her God; she only asked for a few minutes for prayer, after which her throat was cut by the executioner, according to the barbarous custom of the country, and her body consumed on the fire."

NEWS.

PENNY POSTAGE.—The annual returns, just published, show that the progress of penny postage, during the year 1845, has been much greater than at any former period. The number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom, was two hundred seventy-one-and-a-half millions, being an increase of nearly thirty millions on the year 1844. The gross revenue for the year was £1,901,580, being an increase of nearly £200,000 on 1844, and nearly four-fifths of the amount under the old system. The net revenue, notwithstanding that more than £100,000 was paid to the railway companies, for work done in former years, was £775,986, being an increase of £56,000 on 1844, while the London district (old twopenny) post letters have increased to such an extent, that the revenue derived from them must far exceed that which was obtained from the same class of letters before the reduction of the rates. In January of the present year, the number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom was at the rate of three hundred and three millions per annum; or, excluding the franks, four times the number under the old system. The money-orders, since 1839, have increased about thirty-fold.—*Economist*.

REMARKABLE RELIC.—In the southwest part of Franklin county, Mississippi, there is a platform or floor of hewn stone, neatly polished, some three feet under ground. It is about one hundred and eight feet long and eighty feet wide. It extends due north and south, and its surface is perfectly level. The masonry is said to be equal, if not superior, to any work of modern times. The land above it is cultivated, but thirty years ago it was covered with oak and pine-trees, measuring from two to three feet in diameter. It is evidently of very remote antiquity, as the Indians who reside in the neighbourhood had no knowledge of its existence previous to its recent discovery. Nor is there any tradition among them from which we may form any idea of the object of the work or of the people who were its builders. There is also a canal and well connected with it, but they have never been explored. A subterranean mansion may be underneath. Further explorations may throw some light upon its origin.—*Louisville Journal*.

REARING APPLE TREES.—A gentleman in Bohemia has established a plantation of the best sort of apple trees, which have neither sprung from the seeds nor from grafting. His plan is to take shoots from the choicest sorts, insert each of them into a potato, and plunge both into the ground, leaving but an inch or two of the shoot, whilst it pushes out roots, and the shoot gradually springs up and becomes a beautiful tree, bearing the best of fruit without requiring to be grafted.

THE CROPS FOR 1845.—The report of the Commissioner of Patents makes the following estimate of the crops of last year: Wheat 106,548,000 bushels; barley, 5,100,000 bushels; oats, 163,208,000 bushels; rye 27,175,000 bushels; buck-wheat, 10,269,000 bushels; corn, 417,809,000 bushels. Total: Grain, 730,258,600 bushels; potatoes, 88,392,000 bushels; hay, 14,065,000 tons; hemp and flax, 37,500 tons; tobacco, 187,422,000 lbs.; cotton, 936,088,000 lbs; silk, 486,530 lbs.; sugar, 226,026,000 lbs. New York stands first in the list of agricultural products; Ohio second; Pennsylvania third.

FLOGGING IN THE NAVY.—It is stated that the Lords of the Admiralty are determined to put an end to the practice of flogging in the Navy, except in extreme cases of misconduct; and that any officer having recourse to that mode of punishment either frequently or on insufficient grounds, will be considered unfit to command, and be shelved as quickly as possible.

EDUCATION IN MISSISSIPPI.—There are now in Mississippi eight colleges, educating only four-hundred and fifty-four students. In the whole state there are but three-hundred and ninety-six common schools, educating only 8263 scholars out of a population of near 200,000 whites. There are seven counties in the State, with a population of 11,070 persons, in which there are no schools of any kind; and there are in the whole State 50,000 children who have no possible means of education. There are 8358 free white persons over 21 years of age in the State who can neither read nor write. Such are the facts regarding education in the great State of Mississippi, as stated by Mr. Allen, a member of the Legislature, in a speech at its recent session.

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Weekly Review and Family Newspaper,

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